

I hate myself but am also happy

Hello, since you're reading this obviously after 2022 and definitely after 2023 I want to tell you congrats for finding something that outlived me

If I wasn't a corpse and smelled as horrible as the bodies near my grave I would've hugged you and shook your hand

Okay that was all over exaggeration but still! You're the proof that even after all this time people can just show up and find this, even if it's old even if there is a few people even if you're the last person to see this you're still reading you're still with me and I should be happy for it, I should be feeling amazing for one person seeing this

for changing the life of one person for couple of seconds

I should be happy, I need to be happy

And yet... I'm not, and this is why I hate myself, I know how I should feel, how I should react and how I used to feel exactly like that but I feel wanted for some reason, it's like I feel horrible for nobody reacting to what I've made, nobody caring about what "art" I've drawn when it's my fault for not

uploading for a while, when it's my fault for not working as much, when it's okay for nobody to see because that makes it even more special to the first person to see it

Do you remember what I said in the beginning? That's what makes me happy, the thought that even after a decade or two or somehow in some magical way even three someone COULD find these and read them

Isn't that amazing? I won't even know and you'll still be with me

Or won't be which is fine I won't even know

I got that thought after finding art made 5 years ago (2017) and I commented in it after 5 YEARS, all the comments there were from 2017 and it made me feel... like I was looking in an abandoned house, exploring the past without any of the people writing what they were about it and instead thinking about what they were thinking at that moment, being themselves and conveying it by not only what they said but how they said it

Every tiny detail has a story to it

Even me writing things like 2022

because hilariously enough my two button on my

keyboard is broken so I copy paste 2022 over and over and over from google after typing “twenty twenty two” in it

See what I mean by story? You would’ve never guessed and there it is

I am still not ready to be forgotten or die, I haven’t accepted those yet but if I do then at least if someone imagines me being in the future and reacting to it they won’t think that I’d be bummed out that I’d die before seeing the future and instead know that I’ve already been okay with saying goodbye

Speaking of good bye I need to take a long nap in my tomb, after all it’s 3:50 am November 29, 2022 (I got those numbers by entering, thanks Microsoft Word document )

there’s nothing hidden here I promise, no white text hiding in the white paper no any bigger letters than 18 strolling around and no more meaningful words by me